Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to't, but I will puniſh ſure,
No I will weepe no more, in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes
Let me ſhun that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethe goe in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy one eaſe
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou mayſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, her's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe mee.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, whoſe there.

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw, come forth?

Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme thee.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vnder his pillow, and halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe ouer foure incht bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a traytor, bleſſe thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleſſe thee from whirle-winds, ſtarre-bluſting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom the

the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this paſſe,
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing, didſt thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he reſeru'd a blanket, elſe we had beene all ſham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters ſir.

Lear. Death traytor, nothing could haue ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lownes, but his vnkind daughters,
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh,
Iudicious puniſhment twas this fleſh
Begot thoſe Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

Edg. Take heede o'th foule fiend, obay thy parents, keep thy words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit not with mans ſworne ſpouſe, ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array, *Toms* a cold,

Lear. What haſt thou beene?

Edg. A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerued the luſt of my miſtris heart, and did the act of darkenes with her, ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heauen, one that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt, and wakt to doe it, wine loued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman out paromord the Turke, falſe of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in ſloth, Fox in ſtealth, VVoolfe in greedines,, Dog in madnes, Lyon in pray, let not the creeking of ſhooes, nor the ruſlngs of ſilkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke, and defie the foule fiend, ſtill through the hathorne blowes the cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, caeſe let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anſwere with thy vncouered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no more, but this cõſider him well, thou oweſt the worme no ſilke, the beaſt no hide, the ſheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's three ons are ſo phiſticated, thou art the thing it ſelfe, vnaccom-

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